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# THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

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## When the Birds go North again.

Oh, every year hath its winter,  
And every year hath its rain;  
But a day is always coming  
When the birds go north again;

When new leaves swell in the forest,  
And grass springs green on the plain,  
And the alders' veins turn crimson,  
And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,  
And every heart hath its pain;  
But a day is always coming  
When the birds go north again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember  
If courage be on the wane,  
When the cold dark days are over,  
Why, the birds go north again.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

For The Beacon.

## Adrift on an Ice-floe.

BY JESSE RAMSDELL.

(In Four Chapters.)

### Chapter I.

Frank pulled his fur cap a bit more snugly over his left ear, and looked long at the thinly overcast sky.

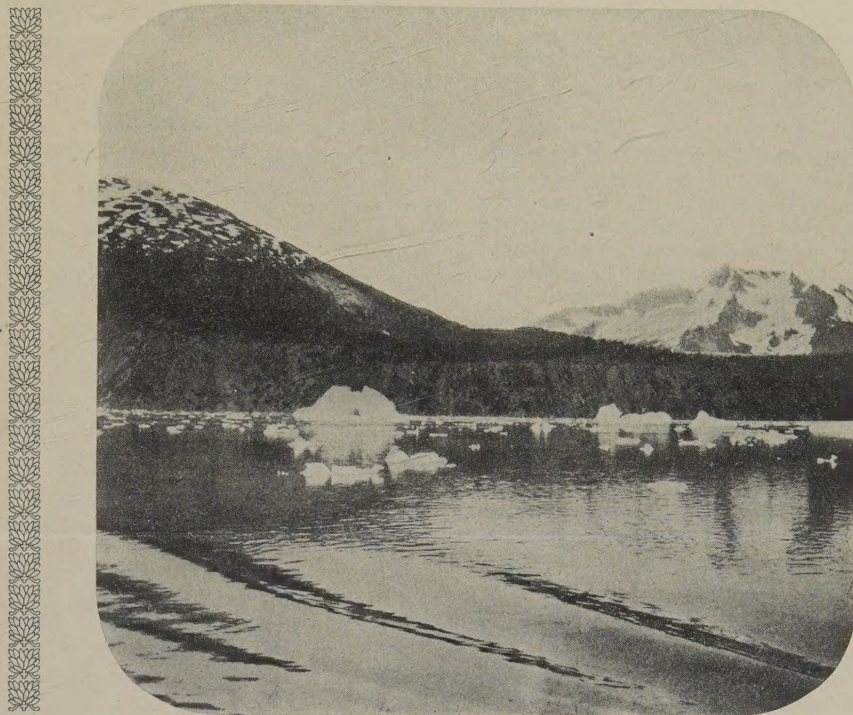
"It may blow," he said, somewhat uneasily. "And it may snow, too."

"The fleet's gone out," argued Harry, his eager gaze wandering from the punt at their feet out over the water to the ice-floe where black specks betokened the presence of seals. "They wouldn't go if 'tweren't safe. Dad's as careful a man as any on the coast. If he goes, we can depend on it to be safe."

"Ay," assented Frank, and laughed a little. "But your dad's a man, b'y, and we're yet children. There's some difference in that out there." His hand swept toward the open waters. "Besides, we have only the punt, and a rodney's the boat to use among the ice packs."

"You're a man if I'm not," asserted the other, sturdily, his blue eyes alight with admiration as they ran over the straight, lithe figure of his companion. "Dad says that sixteen years makes a man or there's ne'er one made. And the punt 'll do for us. Besides, I thought you wanted a seal."

"I do," returned Frank. "I'd like to make Pop's eyes open when I bring him in, but"—Again his eye swept the sky and the quiet sea beneath. A bit more than a mile off the coast began the ice-floe. It rose and fell with the swell of the ocean, great detached pieces of ice that seemed from the



GLACIER BAY.

shore to be one, stretching as far as eye could see until the horizon line closed upon it.

To a boy unaccustomed to the sight of the heaving island of ice it undoubtedly would have appeared a dangerous spectacle, and the idea of approaching it in the hunt for seals an extremely hazardous undertaking. But these two had been born on the Newfoundland coast, had lived there all their short lives, with the gray sky frowning upon them, the roar of the ocean in their ears; had been steeped in an atmosphere of bravery and gallant deeds, of life that was kept only by the fighting for it. And they saw only a friendly thing that held the precious seals.

"There's a rodney, too," urged Harry, pointing to a small, light boat that kept well away from the edge of the floe. "They're waiting for the others to come out. They're not afraid of snow!"

"There's a difference, now, 'tween fear and caution," smiled the older boy, looking down into the eager face of his companion. "But, laws! who could hold out 'ginst a teasing little shrimp like you? Run, now, b'y, and fetch the gaff. We'll be off!"

With a cry of delight the younger boy turned and ran for the house. Three min-

utes saw him back: the sail was put on, and the punt headed for the ice-floe.

"Hurrah, there," called Frank, as they neared the rodney that danced cautiously at the edge of the floe. "Is it you, Peter Bowen?"

"Ay, it's me," came the answer from the boy in the rodney, "and likely to be me for a while, too."

"What's the matter, Peter Bowen?" called Frank, cheerily, not at all taken aback by the reply or the tone in which he was addressed.

The boy pointed to the lane of water that led into the floe.

"They've all gone in but me," he cried. "I must stay on the edge and miss it all. Oh, well, orders is orders! You going in?"

"That we are!"

"Good luck to you!"

They furled the sail, and, getting out the oars, rowed into the lane. On both sides of them stretched the rough, scarred ice. Nothing else was visible, for the men who had come out earlier in the day had disappeared in the numerous "rivers" that flowed through the great island of ice.

In the bottom of the boat, well protected, lay Frank's new rifle, a present from Skipper



Owens, his uncle. Harry, however, had not a rifle, but was content with a spear. It is doubtful that he cared much about trying to get a seal with it, for he was a small boy; and the fact that he was with Frank, who had a rifle, and *could* shoot, too, was quite enough for him.

"Listen," whispered Harry, suddenly, putting one hand to his ear, and turning his head.

Far ahead a curious noise had sounded. Faintly on the stirring wind came a distant mew! It was for all the world like the sound that a sleepy, contented kitten would make.

The boys' eyes lighted up. They stared at one another joyfully.

"Seal!" whispered Frank.

He lifted the oars from the water, resting upon them, and pointed silently to the rifle. Bending forward from his seat in the stern, Harry took the shining weapon from its leather case with fingers that trembled with excitement.

"Dad says," he whispered shrilly, as he handed it across to Frank, "Dad says seals—he says butter is—for slipperiness and slickness—he says seals"—He paused to catch his breath and swallow his heart or that portion of it that was in his mouth. "Oh, do be careful, Frank!" he whispered tensely. "Get him! Do get him!"

Frank nodded. He was afraid to speak. He might frighten the seal! He had heard a thousand stories of the wonderful sagacity of the wild animals, of their phenomenal eyesight, their sense of smell and of hearing.

Silently he bent to the oars, and the punt began to creep cautiously along the passage.

Silently, too, fell a few snowflakes, and the wind was rising. But, absorbed in their hunt for the seal ahead, the two boys did not notice these ominous signs.

Again came that faint mew. Now it was some hundred and fifty yards away.

"Better land on the floe, Frank," suggested Harry in as quiet a tone as he could manage. "You can't shoot from the boat, and seems to me he's more likely to hear us. There's a little cove."

Frank instantly turned the boat in. Reaching the ice, Harry leaped ashore with the painter, and Frank, following him, they drew the bow of the boat on to the edge of the floe.

"Ought to pull her way out," murmured Frank, thoughtfully, looking at the boat.

But at that very instant again came the mew of the seal, and he turned from the boat, forgetting it instantly.

"You lead," he said to Harry, who had the gaff, an eight-foot wooden pole, which is used to test the strength of the treacherous ice. So, with rapidly beating heart, Harry went ahead, feeling with the gaff every step of the way.

And then, suddenly, he dropped to his knees, quivering, and crept forward to a hummock of ice. Frank followed him, and, coming up to the hummock, raised his head cautiously.

(To be continued.)

I am only one,  
But still I am one.  
I cannot do everything,  
But still I can do something;  
And because I cannot do everything,  
I will not refuse to do the something that I can do.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

### The Old Man's Like.

"Do you like to jump, oh, ever so far,  
Off a step, or over a bar,  
Or down a steep hill, not minding the bump?"  
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to jump."

"Do you like to ride on the railroad cars,  
And smell the smoke and feel the jars,  
And watch the fences running to hide?"  
"No," the old man said, "I don't care to ride."

"Do you like to fish down at the spring,  
And get a crawdad on your string,  
Then bait his hind leg, an' catch what you wish?"  
"No," the old man said, "I don't like to fish."

"Do you like to run and run and run,  
And yell like Injuns—ain't that fun!  
Make the most noise of all the boys?"  
"No," the old man said, "I don't like noise."

"But surely you like to climb up trees,  
Wa-a-ay up in the sky where's always breeze;  
And skin the cat up high? That's fine!"  
"No," said the old man, "I don't like to climb."

"If you don't mind, I wish you'd tell  
If you like anything real well?  
Is there nothing you like?" The old man smiled:

"The thing I like best is a little child."  
*Exchange.*

For The Beacon.

### The Story the Coins Told.

BY O. WHITE.

With a beaming face Jack skipped joyously down the stairway, and rushed into Uncle Edward's study, where he met his mother just coming out of the room.

"Help me on with my coat quick, please, mother," he cried. "I saved my pennies till I had twenty-five, and father gave me a quarter for them this morning, so I'm going down to the store to spend it."

"No, my son, it is raining too hard. I can't let you go out a day like this when you've just had measles."

Immediately Jack's bright face broke into discontented wrinkles. "But, mother, what's money good for if you can't spend it? And, besides, I've been in the house all day, and I'm tired."

"Maybe Uncle Edward will tell you a story."

Uncle Edward laid down his paper. He was used to such demands on his time. "Your money can tell you a better story than I, Jack," he said.

"Why, Uncle Edward!" exclaimed Jack, "how can a quarter tell a story?"

"Not only a quarter, but every coin in your pocket can tell you an interesting story if you will examine it."

"That's the only coin in my pocket, Uncle Edward," said Jack, dolefully. "You'll have to show me yours."

"Very well, Jack; but let's look at your quarter first."

Uncle Edward took a magnifying glass from the table, and held it over the coin as Jack laid it in his palm.

"The small letter on the tail side of the coin?"—

"Which is the tail side, Uncle Edward?" interrupted Jack.

"This side, my boy," indicated his uncle. "The reverse side from the one with the head on it. If you will look through the magnifying glass where I am pointing you will see a small 'S,' by which we know that this quarter was made at the San Francisco mint."

"What is a mint, Uncle Edward?"

"A place where money is coined. There are four in operation in the United States. The Philadelphia mint is the oldest; then there are the Denver and the New Orleans mints, besides the one in San Francisco, of which I have just spoken."

"How old is the Philadelphia mint?" asked Jack, beginning to be interested.

"It was established in 1792, making it"—

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Jack, who was quick at figures. "Let me tell you, Uncle Edward," and he began counting rapidly. "That makes it—just exactly—one hundred and nineteen years old."

"Good!" approved his uncle. "Older, by a good deal, than anybody you know. Now look at this nickel and at this copper cent. You will observe that they have no small letter. That is because they were made at the Philadelphia mint, which has no mint mark. Most of the dimes were coined there, and all of the coppers and nickels until a few years ago, when the San Francisco mint made some Indian head coppers, and, a little later, some Lincoln coppers."

"Are the New Orleans and Denver coins marked, Uncle Edward?"

"Yes, the mark of the New Orleans mint is an 'O'; and 'D' on any piece made since 1906, the year the Denver mint was established, means that it was coined there. On an old coin it means that it was minted at the Dahlonega, Georgia, mint. 'C' indicates the Charlotte, North Carolina, mint, and 'CC' the Carson City, Nevada, mint. But these last three have been discontinued."

"Have you any pieces coined at the New Orleans and Denver mints?" asked Jack.

Uncle Edward ran his hand in his pocket, and took out several pieces of silver. Jack looked at them intently.

"Why, here is a 'D' on this fifty-cent piece, and an 'O' on the dollar. I don't need a magnifying glass to see them, either."

"No, you can see them very plainly if you look closely. But did you know that the coinage of dollars has been discontinued? Not a single silver dollar has been coined in years."

Jack was aghast, as Uncle Edward knew he would be, his quick imagination picturing a money famine.

"But, uncle, what on earth will we do? We can't buy very much with just the smaller coins."

Uncle Edward laughed. "Never mind, Jack, there are plenty of dollars still in circulation, and that is why the government has not thought it necessary to coin any in about seven years. The supply already minted is enough to last for a long time."

"Well, I'm glad to know we are not going to run out of money soon, for that would be very inconvenient. Father talks a good deal about panics and hard times, and I don't think they are very nice things."

"Suppose you had a \$4 gold piece, Jack, and somebody offered you fifty dollars for it. You wouldn't think you were having very hard times then, would you?"



"Fifty dollars for a \$4 gold piece, Uncle Edward? It might be nice, but I don't think it would be very honest."

"I saw a man offered that much a few days ago, at any rate," laughed Uncle Edward. "There were a few of the \$4 gold pieces made a good many years ago, but never circulated. They belong to coin collectors now, and are worth many times their face value."

"What do you mean by face value, Uncle?"

"Just what is indicated on the face, Jack. If a gold or silver coin is marked \$1, it means that there is one dollar's worth of gold or silver in it, and the same is true of all gold and silver pieces. But all money contains, also, an alloy, or mixture of baser metals, to make them harder and more durable. The alloy in gold coins is made of silver and copper, but in silver and nickel pieces it is pure copper. This one-cent piece, which you call a copper, is really made of bronze—an alloy of copper and tin."

"Which is the largest of our mints, Uncle Edward?"

"The Philadelphia mint is the largest in the world, Jack. I expect it will surprise you to know that this mint has coined over six hundred million nickels, although this piece has only been made since our Civil War."

"Phew-ew!" whistled Jack. "Seems to me that's enough to give a fellow all he wants."

Uncle Edward laughed as he looked out of the window and saw that it had stopped raining and the clouds were fast disappearing. He took five nickels out of his pocket, and laid them on the table.

"Now, Jack," he said, "I am going to give you these in exchange for your quarter, so you will not have to spend them all at one time. You may not think they are very many, considering the number that have been coined, but I think they are too many for one boy to spend in a single afternoon. The sun is out again now, so get your overcoat, and you may run along and spend part of them, but keep some for another rainy day."

"Well, Uncle Edward," smiled Jack, "I've had such a fine time that you made me forget all about spending my money. I see that there is something to do with it, after all, besides spending it; for even if there have been six hundred million nickels coined, I've just got to remember that they have stopped making dollars for a while, and be more careful."

So Jack slipped the nickels in his pocket, and went whistling down the street, rapidly calculating how many nickels four mints could coin if one mint coined six hundred million.

Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore;  
Every chopper in the palm grove, every raftsmen at the oar;  
Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod,—  
All the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiments of God,  
March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare;  
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another.

CHARLES DICKENS.



"HERE COME THE ELEPHANTS."

For The Beacon.

### The Circus Parade.

BY FRANCIS HARMER.

Molly and all Molly's brothers and sisters were poor, so that they never saw a circus, or even hoped to see one. The parade was all they expected.

But, when the parade came (there was only one Circus Day in the town), Mother said:

"Molly, Baby isn't very well this morning. I can't stay home from work, or we shall have no supper. So you must be Mother to Baby, and not let him move away from you one minute."

"But, Mother," cried Molly, "it's Circus Day!"

"Oh, I know that," said Mother, sadly. "I'd stay at home and mind Baby if I could—but I can't. And you mustn't take Baby into the crowd!"

So Molly stood at the garden gate, with Baby fretting at her side, and saw Jim and Harry and Tom—Tom with Kitty held tight by the hand, for she was only three, and persons as young as that are sometimes careless—all set off for the corner of the street, where they could see everything!

Molly's heart felt hard and angry. She didn't love the Baby at that minute. And then she looked down, for he was pulling at her skirt. He looked sleepy and cross, and his poor little face was all puckered up with crying.

A wave of love came back to Molly's heart. She picked him up, and kissed him, and carried him indoors, to put him on the bed. Then she turned to the front door, and waited—just for the sound of the Circus Band.

By and by it came. Molly thought she might surely go as far as the gate! But just then Baby gave a feeble little wail, and she dared not leave him.

"Me 'wate now," he called. He meant to say, "I am awake now," but he had never learned any grammar!

Molly ran back to him. He smiled when he saw her, and stretched out his arms. Molly picked him up, and carried him to the gate. By that time—for she had some experience with babies—she knew that he was better. His little hands were cooler, and he smiled.

But just then the band passed the corner of the lane. Oh, how Molly longed to put Baby down—he would be happy—and just run to the end of the lane—for the weeniest peep at the little ponies, with their long manes and tails, and the beautiful ladies on the big golden car!

She looked at Baby. He was quite happy with a big stone. He wouldn't get hurt! She knew he wouldn't!

Molly opened the garden gate. She shut it carefully, for teams sometimes passed along the lane—and Baby mustn't get out. She ran along the lane, and saw by the stir of the little crowd at the end that the first car, preceded by the band, was very near.

And then—something seemed to tug at her, and draw her back. Something that was stronger than even the desire to see the parade. She flew back—to find Baby climbing up the gate, and almost on the top! She had quite forgotten that he knew how to climb!

Just as she had lifted him down, and fastened the gate—with herself inside—a light buggy, with a quick horse in front and the doctor driving, came down the lane.

"Hallo!" he called out, cheerily. "Minding Baby instead of going to see the parade? Well, well."

He got down, and looked at the Baby.

"He'll do," was his verdict. "Now, as that parade won't let me pass, suppose we all see it!"

So he lifted the Baby up, and helped Molly in, and got up himself, and drove slowly down the lane. It was a splendid place to see from, right over everybody's head. The Baby laughed and gurgled and crowed, and waved his hands. Molly was one broad smile,—and it seemed to her she had never been so happy. This was a way to see the Circus, indeed! She gave Baby a great hug, as she remembered she wouldn't have been in the doctor's buggy but for him!

### A Great Puzzle.

Little Lucy Locket  
Has not a single pocket,  
No place to carry anything at all,  
While Lucy's Brother Benny,  
He has so very many  
In which to put his marbles, top, and ball,  
That when he's in a hurry  
'Tis sometimes quite a worry  
To find the one he wants among them all.

Now why should Lucy Locket  
Not have a little pocket,  
A handy little pocket in her dress?  
And why should Brother Benny,  
Who doesn't need so many,  
Be favored with a dozen, more or less?  
The reason, if you know it,  
Be kind enough to show it,  
For really 'tis a puzzle, I confess.

St. Nicholas.



For The Beacon.

## The Two Birds.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Did you ever feed the birds in the winter time? Did you ever tie a chunk of suet to a tree near your dining-room window for the woodpeckers that stay with us all the year through? Did you ever scatter crumbs outside the window every morning, that the birds might have their breakfast, however deep the snow might be?

If you have not done so, try it this year. It is better fun than almost anything else. It is like playing Santa Claus every day to the birds, and making every day a Christmas to them. When they open their eyes on a cold winter's dawn, they know just where to go, and they go just as fast as their little wings will carry them.

And, as you look out at breakfast time upon the snow outside, you will see them busy eating. You can easily see that they are glad, and grateful to you as well. You feel better all the day by knowing that you have helped the birds that morning, and perhaps saved their lives. You certainly must try it this year, and write to the editor of the *Beacon* of the good times you have had this winter.

I want to tell you about something that happened a year or so ago. We had been feeding the birds all winter from the kitchen window, near which was a large tree in which the birds loved to gather. One of our morning pleasures was to watch the little birds waiting for the crumbs to be thrown out, all the while twittering as if to say, "Good morning; good morning; why don't you hurry, hurry, hurry?"

One morning, as I stood by the window, I saw two little birds come flying down. The first bird flew straight to the pile of crumbs, and, picking up a good-sized morsel, carried it away a little distance, and began to eat it.

The second bird, instead of doing the same thing and getting a morsel for itself, flew after the first bird, and endeavored to get a share of what it had secured. For fully five minutes it chased the other, doing its best to get something from it, when all the time there were plenty of crumbs on the ground just waiting to be picked up.

What a foolish bird, you say. Why did it not go directly to the pile and help itself? Why did it try to get something from another instead of something for itself? And to all these questions I could find no answer that morning as I watched the two birds.

But I do know that there are two kinds of people just exactly like those two birds. Every one who reads these words will be like the one bird or the other. Each of us will be either wise or foolish, and my purpose in writing this is to help to make you belong to the wise class.

Some people seek truth for themselves. They search for the good and true. They try to find the bread of truth that God has placed in this wintry world of ours, that we may be fed every day and become strong. However the storm of life may blow, there is always food for all if they will only seek it from God.

Every man and woman who has achieved a real success in any way whatever, from the forging of a horse-shoe to the saving of a soul, succeeded through being ready when the call came.

ROBERT COLLYER.

## The Children's Bed-time Verse.

Heavenly Father, Lord of all,  
Woke we at Thy morning call;  
In our work and in our play  
Thou hast kept us through the day.  
While Thou givest kindly sleep  
Loving watch Thou still wilt keep;  
Thine the day and Thine the night,  
Lord of darkness and of light. Amen.

F. L. HOSMER.

*Is there any universally applicable method through which we can insure in little children the unconscious reception of the leading ideas of the Unitarian faith?* I believe there is, and I believe that this method should be used in all Unitarian families and all Unitarian churches. It is the method of committing poetry to memory. I heard Dr. Crothers quoting somebody last Sunday to the effect that religion is poetry; but somebody else amended that statement by saying that religion is poetry believed. The amendment is important. Can we put into the childish mind through poetry a religion it will believe? We may be perfectly certain that no child ever got any religion out of a catechism. It takes an adult with the tendency to metaphysics to get anything out of a catechism. Will not a child unconsciously get religion out of poetry, if it be well selected? I have seen the experiment tried in a fair number of instances, and I never knew it to fail. In order to give you an impression of the actual working of the method, I must enter into a few particulars. Take such a poem as Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith," a very simple poem of universal sentiments, and let the child at an appropriate age commit the whole of it to memory, so that it can recite it whenever asked for. Some of the most fundamental conceptions of religion, some of the most fundamental conceptions of the new science of sociology, will enter the child's mind with that poem. Of course, as in all poetry, a great deal of what we may call information, or suggested knowledge, is conveyed in even a single verse. Take the verse,

"He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

"It sounds to him like her mother's voice  
Singing in Paradise!"

Now any child eight or ten years old will take that all in, and will learn from it that the blacksmith had a daughter who could sing, and she sang sweetly in the village choir; and the blacksmith had had a wife whom he loved tenderly, and she was dead, and she sang when with him, and now she was singing in a happy next world, in Paradise; and the blacksmith liked to go to church because he heard his daughter, who reminded him of her mother. All that is in that little verse; and it is a beautiful picture of some of the best parts of human experience.

Another invaluable poem for religious education is Bryant's "Waterfowl." The whole Unitarian view of the Providence of God is presented to the child in that lovely poem,—God is guiding the bird through the pathless air, and, just as he guides the bird, he will guide me. It is the simplest possible presentation to a child's mind of the loving Fatherhood of God.—From "The Education of our Boys and Girls," by Charles W. Eliot.

## RECREATION CORNER.

EVANSTON, ILL.

EDITOR OF BEACON, BOSTON, MASS.:

Dear Sir,—I hope you will accept these puzzles I am sending you. I hope to see them in *The Beacon* one of these Sundays. I read *The Beacon* through every Sunday morning when I get home from Sunday school. I have a little sister whose name is Katherine, and an older sister whose name is Lilly. Every Sunday Katherine and I work out the puzzles together. Sometimes when we cannot work them out, we go to Lilly, and she helps us. Lilly is a young lady.

Yours respectfully,

DOROTHEA H. BRAMMER.

## ENIGMA XXX.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 3, 4, 5, is a place where grain is kept.

My 6, 7, 8, is a male.

My 1, 2, 3, is to steal.

My 12, 13, 10, 14, is a bruise.

My 9, 10, 11, 4, 12, 14, is a voyage.

My whole is a book beloved by children.

HELEN STOTT.

## ENIGMA XXXI.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 10, 5, 3, 13, is hearty, strong.

My 6, 11, 8, 3, 9, is our earth.

My 1, 7, 12, is a part of the face.

My 10, 11, 2, 8, is a part of a day.

My 10, 4, 9, 13, is to conceal.

My whole was a noted American woman.

E. S. C.

## A PARTY OF T'S.

Example: a "t" of no weight. (Futli-ty.)

1. Of distinct state or existence.
2. Of indifference to pain or feeling.
3. Of power of lasting.
4. Of munificence.
5. Of manly character.
6. Of being easily impressed.
7. Of a predominant religion.
8. Of mirth.

J. W.

## MIXED PROFESSIONS AND TRADES.

1. Moon starers.
2. Pen tracers.
3. Men charts.
4. "Ten gophers, sar."
5. I spy chains.
6. Yawlers.

E. A. C.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15.

ENIGMA XXVI.—Put on the whole armor of God.

ENIGMA XXVII.—South China Sea.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—S O D A

A N O N

M O O N

O K R A

S C O W

E C H O

T U R N

## THE BEACON.

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